

I WAS THE PRISONER ... BUT ALSO THE GUARDIAN
philosophical essays

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Adrian Gabriel Dumitru

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Author: **Adrian Gabriel Dumitru**

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***A book for all the ones
that are exploring the
truth about life***

***What i felt it was like a
prison, was in fact ... the
illusion from my mind***

INTRODUCTION

Sometimes doing nothing ... is the best path to follow

I was chasing for success for a long, long time.
I could even define those times as an eternity and i still can't realize how could i be such an idiot to follow this path ... for so long.
But that's not all.
I actually followed lots of other pathless paths so many times ... that i could define myself as an expert into those things.
Later on analyzing with honesty all what was going on ... i somehow realized that i was the prisoner of those situations ... but also the guardian that was keeping me there.
I was not allowing myself to stop ... going to nowhere
All what i was doing was to change a pathless path with another one and another on ... and ...
Well ... time did not changed anything at all.
Even if i was feeling the fact that something was wrong ... that part of myself that was acting as a guarding ... was keeping myself the prisoner of an ... ugly life.
Time was passing ... and again nothing changed.
It looked like i was changing the direction ... but anywhere i was going ... it was still going to ... nowhere.

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But one day having enough of going to the left and to the right and finding no real good result for my soul ... i decided to do something that i never did before ... and that was simple start doing nothing.

The answer was so damn simple ...

I had to stop the chaos.

To stop ... chasing for illusory desires.

And to think about doing ... nothing ... for a while ...

disconnecting from anything means ... pathless paths ...

Allowing myself ... at least ... to stop feeling like a prisoner ... even if i was living in a prison with invisible walls.

Stop being the prisoner ... but also the guardian.

Stop doing that ... on and on and on.

Doing nothing became ... a better scenario.

So ... i started doing that.

And guess what?!

Little by little ... my life started to change.

The pathless paths disappeared... or i should say that were replaced ... by paths with a better meaning for my life.

I've re evaluated everything ... ignoring the 2 contradictory roles i was playing all the time ...

So drinking my coffee into a lovely place ... meditating more ... and taking the decision to connect only to the beautiful vibes from my life ... became probably the best option i could have in mind all the time.

The chaos itself did not disappeared ... but ... it was not anymore ... the main part of my life.

The pathless paths became ... lessons of life.

And doing nothing which was actually the habit of stopping the time and enjoying life ... became more ... a

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hobby.

The guardian did not disappeared completely ... and neither the prisoner... but i took the liberty of ignoring those roles.

Our perceptions about life define ... the paths we follow

I had lots of moments when i believed in the theory about positive affirmations ... but ... time was passing and i realized i can't lie myself on and on and on.

It was totally ridiculous to do it ... cause deep inside me i was not really believing all those things.

Analyzing and defining myself ... i understood that the dreamed change can't come if i don't really change my perceptions.

But ...

Hmm...

I was changing my perceptions all the time.

Spending lots of time meditating, i was exploring life into a theoretical way from one million perspectives.

So practicing the theory of affirmations did not worked.

And even ... changing my perceptions was useless for my case.

But why?!

I read over the years about lots of people that were doing that daily ... and it really worked but i was doing something wrong ... cause in my case i could not see absolutely no good result.

So those theories ... were not for me?!

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I was so damn annoyed ... not understanding anything of what was going on.

But one day ... i suddenly realized i was following so many pathless paths ... going to the left and to the right with no real purpose ... cause i was just exploring the world ... and nothing more.

I was dominated by my thoughts ... all my contradictory thoughts ... and ...

Well maybe there were too many thoughts ... and i had to stop being the prisoner of my mind.

So?! I am not the same with my mind?!

Hell nooo

But i continued analyzing on and on and on ... and all those thoughts were defining my paths.

And ... i had moments with positive thoughts and moments with so, so many negative ideas into my mind

I became indeed a prisoner, but the funny thing was that i was into that prison of thoughts ... but i was also the guardian that did not allowed myself to get out from there.

So ... what the hell ... i had to do?!

Maybe stop analyzing everything?!

Or allow to analyze ... but ... not to define?!

Hmm ..

Or ... probably not identify myself with my illusory thoughts?!

Well ... i was indeed exploring the world ... following so, so many nonsense paths ... but it was all just part of the show of my life.

Maybe the life lesson of my life was to understand the world we are living in.

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In my case that meant ... following lots of pathless paths ... and maybe that invisible guardian that kept me prisoner for doing that on and on and on ... had a positive purpose. Well ... i said so many times maybe ... that i don't really know what is the real truth.

It's quite obvious... but ...

I am laughing of myself ... but i started to accept things the way they are ... even the fact that i am the prisoner, but also the guardian that is watching everything i do.

And suddenly a new idea came into my mind ... what if i simple stop ... thinking?!

Maybe like this ... that game "the prisoner and the guarding" ... just stops.

But who really knows?! ... cause i don't see any absolute truth ...

We need to see the beauty ... in everything around us ... but the beauty itself might be an illusion

In my country ... all the stories for children start with
"Once upon a time" ... and i recently asked myself why the
hell i don't start my philosophical essays like that?!

Well ... then ... i remembered that i stoped writting stories ...
I became more a philosopher... than a story teller ... being
obsessed of defining life ...

I was trying to make people understand ... things that are a
lot related with my life ... but also with life ... in general.
And thinking even more profoundly... i realized i was avoiding
to tell the truth about my life.

I became more ... mysterious ... coming with fake names ...
and stories that ... in fact are hiding the real truth about my
reality.

In fact ... i was starting to write as the writers from the
communist times cause i was so damn abstract ... defining a
reality .. by talking about another reality that has nothing to
do with mine.

Hahaha ...

But why the hell i was doing that?!

Well ... little by little i started to see the beauty in all what i
was doing ... including my writing ... but realized that people

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were judging me.

They all ... were doing that.

So i stoped telling philosophical stories that were analyzing and defining my reality ... and write philosophical essays .. describing in an abstract way all what was going on.

Weird ...

Very, very weird ...but maybe i was on a good path ... cause i was seeing the beautiful side of life.

And ... the funny thing about me ... was that i was hiding of everybody ... including myself ... cause i was balancing a lot.

Seeing ... and not seeing the beauty in everything.

Ignoring ... but also declaring that it's all an illusion ... even if that was so ... damn silly.

So?!

Well ...

Maybe ... writing and writing ... and writing ... again and again and again ... i'll understand why i need to see the beautiful side ... or not even bother to look at a certain side ...

So maybe i should just continue ... to explore life.

“Tasting” people ... kind of a habit

I look at my friends all the time.
I analyze and define them ... as a psychological habit ... but ...
i try to do all my best ... not to judge them anymore.
And looking at John and Brian is really funny.
They both are in the company of lots of ladies all the time ...
but what is curious is that Brian is not “tasting” any of those
ladies.
Once ... while talking to the 2 of them ... John ... annoyed ...
even asked Brian ... “How the hell could you be surrounded
by so many women and avoid having sex with them?!”
It’s abnormal!!
A total nonsense!
You’ll regret those times!
Spoiling chances 1,2,3 ... 20 times it `s ok.
But we talk about hundreds of ladies.
You could ... taste ... at least 1 or 2% of them but you miss
all ... those opportunities.
Look how they look like ...
I really can’t understand you”
Well ... i was understanding what John said ... but i also knew
that Brian was a tricky guy.
From outside he looked like a prisoner of his own decisions ...
of living his life ... but also like an invisible guardian that was

watching as him to not go deeper with all those ladies.
On the other hand ... i always saw John happy cause he could have intimate relationships with the ladies from the timeline of his life.

He enjoyed ... tasting ... each of those beautiful women.
But i just felt that something was missing from my side ... from my analyzes ...

I really knew that Brian was a real tricky guy ... that he could not miss all those opportunities ... which any man would appreciate ...

Analyzing them more and more ... in fact ... especially Brian ... ignoring the fact that i knew 100% that he cheated his wife 2-3 times ... i somehow realized that he became more intimate with those ladies ... than John was doing.

You see ... my dear tricky Brian ... was in fact talking to those ladies about lots of things and smiled with them all the time ...

He was actually connected to all of them and exchanged lots of energy with their souls.

Knew that the sexual relationship between a man and a woman ... meant exchange of energy, but he found this trick of connecting to them ... and have kind of an abstract intimate relationship with all those souls.

Maybe somehow John connected to their bodies, but Brian to their souls.

Speaking with them again about the subject ... at the coffee shop ... Brian finally admitted my theories about him.

In fact ... like any man in his 40'es ... they admitted the fact that they abuse a little about this habit of "tasting" ladies ... all the time.

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The only difference between them was that one was pretending that ... was ... kind of a saint ...

But maybe all of us ... on the timeline of our lives ... pretend we are doing the right thing to do ... or even pretend we act as prisoners ... playing in the same time this ridiculous game of prisoner ... and guardian ...

Sometimes for a certain type of vibration ... you need to pay a certain price

I was at the coffee shop with Brian and Paul.
We were looking for city breaks around Europe and we've
been amazed of the prices.
Everywhere you would go ... it's all about thousands of
dollars.
So ... what the hell?!
Why should we pay thousands of dollars for an amazing vibe
.... in an amazing place?!
Is it ok?!
Does it worth it?!

I did not agreed with the prices ... finding it totally ridiculous.
Brian ... was not sure what to say.
And Paul was ... smiling ... replying to us that ... "We should
pay absolutely any price ... cause once we change vibration ...
we'll get back 10 times more than what we invested."
It all became a philosophical - spiritual discussion ... and we
were disagreeing... but on the other hand we were also
analyzing all our contradictory perceptions.
We tried to see ... the same concept from 100 angles ... trying
to act as philosophers ... cause most of the time this is what
we pretended ... we are ...

So ... should we see ... a trip as an investment for a better vibe?!

I saw myself limited in my views about the huge prices from the present moment ... but still there were lots of people that were going in city breaks all the time ... with the belief that this is really the best trick for changing the vibe ... that we were usually caring in our souls when we were at home.

So ... is the environment so important?!

Do we need to pay a certain amount of money for changing our vibe?!

Is this ... an artificial trick?!

Should we pay all the time for those tricks to change our inner vibe?!

But what if we go in those short vacations with the wrong person?!

Me and Paul were talking ... arguing somehow with our contradictory perceptions.

I was indeed limited of my opinions about the huge prices and probably Paul had such open views about anything ... cause he saw that the investments into things that bring joy to the soul ... are great investments.

Brian was thinking listening to us.

He was somehow in his perceptions between me and Paul balancing between paying and not paying so huge prices for amazing vibes.

Our talk become in the end ... a spectrum of contradictory ideas ... and probably Brian became more confused.

Maybe even me and Paul ... analyzing and defining the subject ... influenced too much each other.

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But i was in a hurry and had to leave from the coffee shop ...
so i shaked hands with the 2 of them smiled ... and say ...
" Listen ... don't get me wrong ... i agree about the theory
that a vacation to an amazing place helps our vibe a lot ...
but i just don't want to pay those huge prices.
So ... i want but i don't want
Maybe till next time when we meet I'll come with a new
theory or change my limited perceptions."

The opposite of chaos is ... stillness

I was at the coffee shop ... but this time near the sea, in a town from northern Greece.

The fire from my house ... which happened one day before totally ruined my day ... but looking at the sea i started to remember again of Infinite ... and of the tremendous powers of the Universe.

I knew that 20 years ago I had nothing ... and now i have lots of real estate properties ... and that was only because the Universe allowed and wanted as this to happen.

It was the second accident like that ... which happened in a very weird way ... making me wonder what the hell is this nonsense and why it destroys one more time my optimism.

But the vibe of the place where i was ... was amazing.

It was a town ... not so well known ... but the right place to give me a great vibe ... and make my soul disconnect from the weird energies from the scene of the real life ... from home.

And i knew the Universe guided me there ... just to relax a little bit.

So ... i started to film my coffee ... but suddenly realized that across the street 2 policemen brought 2 prisoners.

The beautiful building near the coffee shop ... was actually a

court room and those guys went to see the judge.

Most probably they did something illegally and police arrested them for that.

I could be arrested too if in that fire from the house ... the tenants would have died.

So ... comparing with those guys ... i was lucky.

The Universe allowed them to be arrested so that they learn a life lesson but for me ... i just had to pay some money to fix the damages.

All looked really bad ... but not so bad as the situation of those 2 arrested men from across the street.

And still ... the main advantages of those guys ... is that they stoped... in whatever they were doing.

Most probably I will not stop.

I will continue my chaotic life which is going to generate more and more ... bad things into my life.

I still don't understand that the opposite of chaos is ... stillness.

20 minutes later the guys got back to the car.

Probably the judge did not released them.

They were still prisoners ... with the guardians near them.

I had the illusion i am a free person but i'm actually the prisoner of that terrible chaos generated by my desires.

But for the moment ... still nothing stops me.

So ... who the hell is in a better position?!

Me the prisoner of chaos ... or those guys that were arrested?!

Well ... i am sure karma ... will probably teach me soon ... that the opposite of chaos is ... the stillness

So ... too bad ... cause i can't understand the signs.

**Wherever i would be ... it
will all be the same.
I tried to change the places ... so, so many
times ... but ... it was just ... useless.
The only update i need to do is the one
for a better connection with my soul.**

Ella is a dear friend of mine from South Africa.
She writes me from time to time ... talking about love stories.
Long time before ... i wrote about 10 books about love ... and
she still believes i'm kind of a guru into relationships, when in
fact i'm just kind of a writer that wrote stories about his
failure ...

But all the talks we have ... helped me a lot in understanding
the feminine philosophy.

I would even dare to say that i became a better writer
because ... of her.

For example ... recently she wrote me about Jim ... a guy that
she met on a dating app.

He looked like a very nice guy ... but you see ... Ella had
enough of making plans with those guys from the internet.
It the beginning ... it was all different.

She believed in those ... dates.

But today ... no.

Not anymore.

She would like to simple date make absolutely no plan ... and not even choose a certain place to go.

Just meet in one point on the street, walk ... decide together a coffee shop or a restaurant ... or if she thinks it's a good connection .. she would even like to jump into the car ... and go ... another city ... in a short trip.

You see ... Ella went over the years to many exotic destinations ... but that did not really touched her soul.

She most probably had enough ... pretending that she can still believe the fact that a place can change ... anything.

She came to a point when she feels that she wants more a change ... deep inside her soul.

Probably felt being a prisoner of this game of dating ... with so, so many guys that were not able to touch her soul.

Believing a certain place will change her vibe into an amazing way ... was useless today in her opinion.

She came to a point where she was chasing for a mix of an amazing place in the company of an amazing person.

But all based on ... spontaneity.

No more plans.

She was not believing in the power of ... the plans.

That was in her opinion a ... false way of living.

All her dates ... failed.

Probably the failure from the love stories ... made me and her ... become friends.

I personally totally forget about those 10 books i wrote ... about love.

It represents a closed subject from my life ... but Ella ... was still chasing for that amazing ... experience.

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But she also knew that it was useless dreaming at a certain place ... or meeting a certain type of profile.

She was not in the prison of those thoughts anymore.

I escaped from that prison with invisible walls. ... by a long, long time ... and even wanted to forget about all those 10 books i wrote about love ... but ...

Yes ... i admired my friend Ella.

I admired her ... cause she finally realized that for an amazing vibe ... it's not about a certain place or a person ... but about the connection we could have with that scene of life ... no matter what that would mean.

We could be ... and feel just ... great ...

We become so often the prisoners of circumstances that we once ... loved.

David is a friend of mine from Australia.
I already know him by more than 3-4 years ... and
sometimes we spend time together talking about ... life.
My life ... his life ... but also life ... in general.
He recently wrote ... explaining to me that he does not feel
good anymore in his group of friends.
All of them were new people that he met this year ... and he
even told me ... not so long time ago ... that he enjoys
spending his time with them.
But you see ... the same David ... 6 months later he tells me
that he does not like ... to stay with them anymore.
He even mentioned that he dislikes it ... a lot.
And i said ... "David! It's a little bit weird!
Don't you think so?!"
After 6 month you tell me something ... totally contradictory.
Does not make any sense at all ... what you tell me."
Same persons.
Same scene.
Nothing really changed into this scenario ... but David is not
feeling good with his friends anymore.
And what he is trying to tell me ... even if he is not finding
the proper words ...is that he is not feeling good anymore ...
into an energetic field that he once liked a lot.

So i continued asking him ..."David what do you think it's the message behind the message?!

What can you do regarding that?!

Why do you still stay with them ... if you don't like it anymore?!

In the end it's a nonsense to stay with them if you don't like it.

Why do you feel trapped like a prisoner in there?!

We play around with the questions ... but we can't still define the situation."

"Well ... Gabriel!

Maybe i changed.

Maybe i became a different person.

Maybe i realized i don't have the same values as they do ... but still ... i wanted to be part of a close group of friends.

Maybe i was pretending i was not seeing how they really are ... preferring to just know that i have someone to spend time with ..."

"But ... David It's better to be alone ... than being in the wrong company.

Imagine you have a group of friends that are alcoholics and you spend your time with them.

What do you think you'll become in the end?!

So ... if you spend lots of time with people not having the right values for you ... what do you think will happen to you into the end?!

Will you be strong enough to be able to redefine their values ... or they will redefine you?!

What you actually don't like at them?!

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Why you feel like a prisoner ... but in the same time i see you also as the guardian that is watching as you ... not to leave that energetic field?!

What really changed into this 6 months?!"

I was walking on the streets of my city ... and asked myself ... what is the real truth in David's case?!

Somehow he really was today the prisoner of some circumstances from his past ... circumstances that he used to ... love not so long time ago.

Maybe David changed.

Maybe he is on another frequency level that has nothing to do with his so called ... friends.

He cannot stand that energy of the group ... but the old David is not letting him leave.

So he became kind of a hybrid being ... a mix of the old and the new ... David.

You see ... i am trying to define the nonsense ... but maybe it's not a nonsense.

Being a prisoner ... but also the guardian it's part of this game ... which we name ... the process of real change.

It's kind of a battle.

The prisoner wants to become free ... but the guardian is not letting him do that.

Analyzing and defining David's case ... i've asked myself ... on million times what if i am like him?!

What if he is actually a reflection of me carrying a coded message ... for my own being?!

But maybe same as David ... i know to analyze and define ... but never really know to redefine myself and i remain captive into my past ... in that cell that the old me ... worked

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so much to build.

And i continue life ... pretending i am changed ... but still
being connected with my old self which by the way ... i
dislike a lot.

**Truth be told we stay in ugly stories ...
cause we don't have the guts to
dream at other scenarios.
And life continues into an ugly way
... on and on and on.**

I see lots of u happy people ... everywhere around me.
Also my connections from social media put me in contact
with people from all around the world and i found the
same scenario everywhere ...
It's what we call ... unhappiness.
Today i would define this weird concept as a disease.
A disease much more difficult ... than cancer.
A disease ... like an incurable virus that you can get from
the people around yourself.
But why people decided to stay in unhappiness?!
And why when they become conscious about their
unhappiness ... why they accept it?!
Why they don't try to get rid of it?
Why unhappiness became ... kind of a prison?!
A prison from where it looks ... so impossible to get out
So what keeps us prisoners there?!
Why we can't decide to get rid of those ugly stories?!
Why we can't simple decide to define those feelings ...
analyze them ... so that in the end to redefine everything?!

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Why those thoughts, feelings and ugly emotions keep us captive into a world which we totally dislike?!

What is the secret that could help us to solve this issue of escaping from this weird prison with invisible walls?!

So ... defining?!

Analyzing?!

... and then ... redefine all?!

Hmm ... is it so damn simple?!

Why we let life continue ... on and on and on like that ... if we dislike unhappiness?!

Well... i personally asked myself that for so, so many years in a row.

The only conclusion came into my mind ... was that i lost my ability to dream.

... to dream at other stories.

... at ... beautiful scenarios for my life.

I just let my soul be dominated by ... the ugly circumstances

Dreaming is not even an option which i could consider ...

**Prisoner of a love story he discovers in
the end that he can be in a love story with
everyone and everything from
the scene of his life.
And he became ... a free man ... again.**

James is a friend of mine from South Africa.

For an unknown reason ... lots of people from this far away country read my books.

But ... this is how i've connected with James.

He wrote me 2-3 years ago ... telling me about something that looked like an amazing love story ... but ... ended feeling himself trapped into ... what he defined as ... a prison with invisible walls.

He somehow felt that lost the control ... over himself ... and totally disliked that.

For a while .. the love story was amazing.

But later ... feeling himself as a prisoner ... he started to meditate more and more of why he stays in such a story ... if his mind and soul is balancing all the time between feeling amazing and horrible.

And this balance of contradictory emotions made him feel ruined emotionally.

On and on and on.

Until one day when he said ... "Stop! It is enough!"

Feeling he was destroying himself ... he ended the story ... helped also by circumstances.

He was ... a free man again ... but he was still afraid of the fact that he could come back into the arms of that ... lady ... that he used to love so, so much.

James told me over the years lots of details about that story many of them being totally contradictory things ... and should be useless to tell you all of them ... cause i am just ... an essayist.

I always ... write ... just the short story.

One year after the breakup with Madeleine ... James even wrote a novel about what he used to define as the ... prison of an amazing love story.

And still ... he was afraid that one day he will come back into the arms of that lady.

Reading the novel i was amazed of all the details ... describing the love story.

Knew many of those details ... but still could not understand James for 100%.

I could not understand why after writing hundreds of pages with so many details about that lady ... he still defines the love story as ... a prison.

It was ... a total nonsense.

But ... the book ... had two chapters.

The love story ... and life after the love story.

I saw James ... so dominated by that story ... as nowadays to see a new ... James.

The tells me about the beauty of flowers ... the beauty of weather ... no matter if it is about a sunny or a rainy day ... about his 3 kids ... about everyone and everything from the

timeline of his life.

I somehow felt him like being a guardian that he is watching himself ... to never get back at that lady.

Loved the love story ... but hated that he was dominated ... and felt for such a long time ... like a prisoner of his emotions.

So same person could be defined as a prisoner, but also as a guardian.

James talked with me a lot about my book "Analyze. Define. Redefine."

He somehow applied all those principles.

But the only real escape for him was to replace an amazing love story ... with another one ... totally different.

A love story with his kids .. and his family ... and all the people he knew or interacted with ...

I was still amazed on ... James.

Talked so much with him ... but still could not define him in a certain way.

I saw a guy ... afraid of being ... prisoner again.

A could define him today as the guardian that is watching ... so that he will not be dominated again of certain emotions ... of love.

And ... the only escape was ... to replace the love for a certain person ... with loving everyone and everything around himself.

Few days ago ... James wrote me again,

We talk about his case ... making together kind of a therapy ... but we end all the time talking about us ... as humans.

We try to understand him ... or myself ... but we actually focus on understanding the human being.

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But i feel ... he is ok today.

At least much better.

... much detached.

And i like him more.

I knew very well ... that James that lost his minds because of that love story ... but i preferred more this new version of James .. the one that is defining me a flower with ... love.

**We should not remain the
prisoners of our past.
.... Not even of the beautiful memories.**

People suffering of trauma are ... in my opinion the prisoners ... of their past experiences.

Life continued, but after 10-15 or even 20 years ... you can still see them trapped into something from the past ... that ruined their whole existence.

But a much weird and difficult to be understood case is the one of the people that remained prisoner of their ... beautiful memories.

The ones that are still dreaming of moments from childhood ... still thinking of the connection with their friends or ... parents.

.... Or the ones that one time in the past ... they used to have a great job.

... or ... people that had an amazing love story ... that ended ... but ...

I see many into this weird pattern ... of being prisoners of their past love experiences.

The present moment is just ... nothing ... comparing with those times.

For example ... a close friend ... showed me yesterday photos from his phone with a naked lady ... that used to be his girlfriend many years ago.

Now Natasha ... that was her name ... lived in Saint Petersburg.... being married with a very rich guy ... but

Well ... Natasha was unhappy.

She was still remembering Bill ... and sent him sexy photos all the time.

I smiled when my friend told me that Natasha's "project" was to ... divorce ... in the near future.

But Bill ... did not care so much about ... this so called ... project.

He had in his phone lots of other pictures with other ladies.

And still ... his present moment was not so ... bright ... cause i saw him alone for such a long, long time.

So ... are we talking about amazing experiences ... that don't allow us anymore to live happy into the present moment?!

I thought like many others that only bad experience have a negative impact on us ... but i see people as Bill and Natasha that being still trapped into their past ... can't enjoy the present anymore.

Carpe diem ... is not on their daily to do list.

They were indeed looking like the prisoners of their beautiful past experiences ... but did not have any clue about that.

They believed probably that reality itself it's a grey one today ... but they spent too much time thinking of something that does not exist anymore.

I was doing the same as them many times into my past.

Today was so easy for me to analyze and define them ... but ... when it came about myself ... i was still blind.

I could not disconnect from everything meant ... my past.

I could not act also as a guardian that would pay attention at all the details.

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That could whisper me ... "Be aware! Stay disconnected from what past means!"

Carpe diem ... is not on my to do list ... either.

Absent ...

I've changed
I ... feel it.
But can't make them see it.
So i protest
.... being absent
Even if they see me
... in front of their eyes.

I chased for a deep change ... a lot.
I chased it for years.
Don't know what was into my mind but i wanted that ... a lot.
Most probably i felt myself a prisoner of a reality that ... i totally disliked.
Today I'm in the Universe.
Basically nothing changed around myself.
The same people and i spend my time into the same places ... and it really looks all the same.
But you see ... the time ... made me realize that i'm incapable of changing my outside world.
I tried.
I tried a lot.
And i ended feeling like a Don Quixote ...

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philosophical essays

Sawing it was useless ... trying to change anything around myself ... i stoped doing anything ...

Why to bother change the places where i spend my time?!

Why to bother change the people around myself?!

It's not that i did not tried.

I tried it.

... one million times.

And i failed ...

Always failed.

So ... i had only one chance.

To change myself but how could i do that?!

I had ... no clue ... about that

Time was passing again.

I've started to meditate ... a lot.

I've meditated so much ... that people around myself started to accuse me that ... i really became a prisoner of my thoughts.

And it was true.

I was with them ... but absent into the same time.

Even looked like a person with autism.

But ... i felt it was all ok.

I've accepted the process of my change ... and all what was going on with me.

I've accepted that i became so, so ... absent .. even if everyone around myself totally disliked that ... telling me that all the time ... on and on and.

It was like i was the prisoner of my own soul ... and started to like it.

Being absent ... became a hobby ..

A hobby which i adored.

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And i was paying a lot of attention so that i won't connect with them so much ... anymore.

**Love stories are many times looking
from outside as ... prisons.
Especially ... in the end ... it all
becomes so damn clear.**

I've worked with Thomas and Sabina into a humanitarian project.

She joined first ... and then ... few weeks later he also came to help us.

The best way i could probably define both of them is ... as being ... weird people.

Not bad persons.

Good characters ... but ... it could never be a pleasure to stay in their company.

At least ... not for me.

But looking at them from time to time ... i saw that they always were together.

I felt they were a couple ... but ... i had the confirmation very late.

Watching them ... was a lesson about domination ... cause she was totally dominating him.

Sabina was much younger ... but so, so dominant for him.

In a time when we say that slavery does not exists anymore ... Thomas was the guy that actually infirmed the theory.

After writing the book "Influencing and being influenced" ...

watching daily this couple i could probably write the book "Dominating and being dominated".

Or maybe ... i saw the wrong side of the story.

But unfortunately for them ... Thomas had to leave for another humanitarian mission in a country for Africa.

I did not liked him so much so i was not so sad cause he left us.

He did not liked me either ... so we don't even bothered to say good bye to each other.

The next day at the office I saw her ... extremely unhappy. Most probably she had cried a lot.

Usually she was unhappy ... but now she had an unhappiness which i never saw before.

I knew he will not come back very soon.

Maybe ... it will be months till they will see each other again.

Sarcastic ... i even wanted to ask her ... "Are you unhappy because the love story stoped ... or because your slave left?!"

As a man ... from my perspective ... it all looked like a prison for Thomas ... and i was still wondering if she really loved him ... or maybe she loved a lot that she could dominate him into an absolute way.

But without him ... she felt totally devastated.

So ... suddenly i started to ask myself ... was she the one that was dominated in fact by his energies?!

Why she looked so devastated?!

Was she the one that looked like dominated him ... but in fact he was dominating her ... into a weird invisible silence?!

Maybe things were totally different than ... what i saw.

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Maybe too much love becomes in one point ... much too dominant.

And the persons involved into the love story ... become the slaves of it.

Or maybe today I totally dislike those kinds of stories so I was just seeing the wrong side of everything ...

The karmic prison is the worst

I write my books in the morning while drinking my coffee ... but also ... late into the night when i am resting on the sofa from my living room.

By a long time i realized ... and even wrote a book with the subject that ... i am actually having kind of a self therapy.

All i write it's mostly about what happens on the scene of my own life.

I change the names ... with other names ... and make people believe that it's all happening into a far away country ... most probably from another continent.

My wife reading and getting annoyed of all what she finds out into my books ... she tells me all the time that even if it does not look so ... for 100% my writings are not about fantasy.

But ... all i am doing while writing ... is that i try to analyze and define ... all what is going on into my life.

And i do that all the time.

I try to understand myself and the meaning of all the events from my life.

Defining all what it's going on it's a little bit funny sometimes ... but i realize i need to continue doing that.

I pay attention at all the details ... and understood by a long, long time that ... all it's repetitive into my life ... it's karmic

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....and i should be very aware of that.

But guess what?!

In the morning ... while enjoying my coffee and writing all my thoughts ... i see all so damn clear.

Then i leave home ... and i simple forget everything i've wrote.

I become again that person which it's forgetting about the illusion of life ... and all what i am writing into my books.

In the night ... when everything stops around myself ... i start to write again.

I realize that i made the same mistakes.

I wasted one more day from my life ... forgetting that my time in here it's so damn limited.

I see myself in kind of a karmic prison ... living the same episodes on and on and on.

And even if i analyze all at the beginning and the end of the day ... on the scene of life i have the same blindness.

I am acting like ... an idiot ... doing the same mistakes on and on and on.

So ... i'm actually balancing between realizing and not really understanding that i am a prisoner of a ... karmic life.

I could simple stop starting my day.

Stop believing that all what it's going on ... it's real.

I do believe that we have the right at ... a parallel life

I know so, so many people that have ... an unhappy life.
It's almost like a virus ... but still ... i can't understand what is
really going on ... that i see them having that bad vibe all the
time.

It's like they are trapped in a prison with invisible walls
... and ...

Hmm ...

Still ... difficult to understand.

But one day i've met a guy that recently came out of jail ...
and i chatted with him for more than an hour ... explaining
me the way things are in there.

It looks like they are prisoners that are not allowed to get out
of their cell ... and also prisoners that during the day they can
do whatever they want inside the prison.

They can go to work, to read books, to stay in the yard, to
play football etc etc.

It's like they are free ... prisoners.

And suddenly i realized that some of the unhappy persons
that i used to know by such a long, long time ... are somehow
the same as those people from prison.

They looked like what my friend that just got back from
prison defined as ... free prisoners.

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All those people ... were living in the same time a happy-unhappy life.

Quite contradictory ... but realistic.

So ... what was the trick?!

Well ... most probably even if they were prisoners in this prison with invisible walls ... during the day ... they allowed themselves to be ... free.

Some decided to dedicate their lives to ... arts.

Some were going to fishing ... all the time.

Some as me ... started to write.

And some ... simple decided to have a parallel life with ... another partner.

Not being happy at home ... any kind of escape ... was amazing.

And the parallel life ... helps a lot ... to survive and continue life.

So ... should we judge those people that they live in 2 worlds?!

Analyzing myself ... trying to understand the contradictory thoughts from my writings ... but also the fact that i am accused by close family members that i have this weird parallel life too ... i simple don't reply anything ... anymore.

I just continue life ignoring that i am a prisoner in a prisoner with invisible walls.

And ... i allow myself to be free ... whatever that means in my perceptions ... that change so, so often.

**Sometimes it's all just about
sex ... and nothing more.
It will be useless to consider
another option.**

Into the times i wrote love essays ... i've received lots of emails and messages from many people from around the world.

All i somehow concluded was that no matter if someone is in California or a far away village from Nigeria ... the problems are almost the same.

For example Antoine from Lion, France ... wrote me for almost 2 years in a row about his love affair with Camille.

He gave me so many details ... that i could write 10 books about love ... if i would tell you the whole story ... but ...

Well ... somehow ... no matter how many beautiful details Antoine gave to me ... i felt that the story itself was mainly about sex ... and nothing more ...

I over protected my friend and did not told him that ... but ... i was realizing they simple don't have the same values in life.

Until one day ... when he wrote me disappointed ... telling me ... that met again ... went at a hotel ... made love and after explaining her the story about his loan at the bank with the big villa from Nice ... that in the end he lost ... because of some big financial problems ... she first started to laugh.

She was so, so stupid ... that she laughed of him ... cause he lost that amazing property.

She was explaining him ... how much she loves him ... but on the other hand ... she was laughing hearing the huge problems from his real life.

Antoine was disappointed.

And he kept asking me on and on and on ... "how the hell ... a person that told me one million times that she loved me so much ... had a total disrespect for my real life?!"

How it could all be ... so, so illusory?!

Hmm

I knew long time ago ... that Antoine ... being so interested about philosophy and spirituality ... did not have the same values of life as her.

Maybe sex between them was amazing ... but it was all just about sex ... and nothing more ...

Antoine was begging me to give him an interpretation of all what he was telling me ... expecting to be on the side of the so called love story ... but i could not pretend anymore ... that i don't see the dark side of all what is going on.

I was smiling ... speaking on the phone with Antoine.

"My friend ... you are just idiot!

I really love you ... but i don't think i'll listen to you for another 2 more years ... about the so called love story that you have with Camille.

It's not a love story.

It's just a great story about sex ... and nothing more.

Maybe she likes you ... but already dislikes by a long time the fact that you keep her prisoner into a hotel room.

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.... But she also keeps you prisoner of a so called love story ... by almost 2 years.

You ... both of you ... should accept the status of your relationship.

It's time to not lie anymore one to another.

Say it that it's all about ... sex.

You simple don't have the same values of life.

You are on an vibrational field ... and she is a in totally different one.

Lying yourself ... forever ... not accepting the real truth about everything ... it's just stupid of ... you."

Antoine did not liked so much my words .. but it was so dam clear for myself to see the real truth

Or maybe it was ... just a perception.

We have the fundamental right to stop being ... prisoners into a scene which we thought it's part of a free world

We claim today so, so load that there are no slaves into this society where we live in ... that i start laughing about myself ... while using terms as prison, prisoners etc etc. And of course i used to say more ... "prisoner" ... instead of "slave" ... but maybe the last term it's probably the best and the correct one.

But it looks like a blasphemy even that ...

I continue doing that ... ignoring the fact that they all disliked me so much ... painting such a perception.

Hmm ...

I feel that the real truth is that the world ... all those scenes of live ... are for us actually the cells of a prison that we name as idiots ... life.

The job becomes ... a prison.

The marriage ... also.

Even the friendships.

People change around us ... and even if we used to like them into the past ... today it's all changed.

We dislike reality ... and we do nothing to get out of that

We feel trapped ... but we look around and there is no guardian to watch so that we could not escape from there. But ... we don't change anything.

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We complain of all around us.

Of friends, of family, of work, of the place where we live ... of everything.

And ...

Life continues ... not really doing nothing against the fact ... that we feel and act as prisoners.

Or even worst as slaves.

We dislike this perception ... and many people tell me that it's a depressive one but that is the truth.

The real truth.

Or maybe we are just idiots ... playing in the same time the role of the prisoner, but also of the guardian.

One side of us wants to escape ... the other one is watching as this not to happen.

We ignore the fact that we have the fundamental right to get out of scenes which we thought it's part of a free world.

We realize it was all an illusion.

The job is not the job we really dreamed for.

The marriage and the partner is not how we imagine that will be ...

And ...

Everything is so, so fucking different than what we dreamed for us.

**Sometimes ... saying nothing
... and running away of everything
it's the only real chance.**

Maria had a love story with George by more than 6 months. She was married, but the husband was far, far away ... and they were actually disconnected as souls by a long time. I was not judging Maria, but ... still i could not understand why the hell she was with George.

The guy was an alcoholic ... and actually an ugly soul ... but she liked his company.

Months later ... she tells him that she goes with the daughter to the supermarket to buy her a chocolate ... and even asks him if he wants anything for him.

Jump into her car ... not even taking her luggages ... and leaves to her home ... 1000 km away.

The next day ... i write her again ... smiling.

"What the hell happened my dear?!

You got out of the prison of love?!

Thought you love that guy ..."

We were friends ... and she allowed me to be sarcastic with her ... but deep inside herself i knew that she was suffering a lot.

She felt that the love story with George ... is a pathless path. The one with the husband was a pathless path ... by years ... so ...

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She was wondering herself ... "what the hell am i going to do?!"

Don't i deserve anything else than pathless paths?!"

Well ... Maria knew i was writing about that.

I could be defined as a guide on those pathless paths.

But i was respecting all her decisions.

The one of cheating her husband.

The one of leaving George without telling him absolutely nothing.

Analyzing Maria ... i was understanding the human being.

I saw her walking on pathless paths ... but i was doing the same.

It was about other type of stories ... but i was still the prisoner of the ... pathless paths.

I did not found the gut ... as Maria found ... to leave in silence the scenes which she realized that are not her paths.

It's good i was not judging her ... but it's stupid of me i could not really understand the message she was ... whispering.

**Simple tell them you're absent ... even if
they see you ... and maybe you're lucky and
they'll leave you alone.**

I made the mistake many, many times in life to interact with too many people.

I call it a ... mistake today ... even if i loved so much socializing.

It was like i was feeding myself with a weird energy ... which i enjoyed a lot.

Most probably it was the energy of that connection I had with those people.

Socializing became kind of a hobby for me ... until one day when i realized that in fact I was even starting to make money ... huge amounts of money ... simple by socializing. But i was not aware of the influences.

... of the exchange of energies.

... of the desire of domination ... that people around myself had.

Continued doing that ... for years.

... tens of years.

I was lying to myself that socializing it's good.

Well ... until one day when i realized i had better vibes when i was alone ... and in fact socializing was fucking my energies most of the times.

So i started to make a new test.

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Instead of connecting to all those people from the scene of my life ... i've disconnected from them.
And remained totally ... disconnected.
Smiled them friendly ... said few polite words all the time ... but refused to connect to their energies.
I was present ... but totally absent ... in the same time.
I started to live into my inner world.
More ... and more ... and more.
Being absent on the stage of my life ... was absolutely normal
....
They started to notice it.
They realized the absence of the connection.
They understood ... i stoped the connection and that i am not interested anymore of being connected with them.
I even looked like a person ... suffering of autism ... but i liked it.
Actually i started to love being ... absent.
I did not left the scene of my life ... but even if i was there ... i was living in my inner world.
And it was like ... i was in a prison with invisible walls ... but i was also a free person.
My inner world looked like the ... infinite.
I liked it a lot ... so i've started to tell all of them that i'm absent ... even if they could see me in front of their eyes.

Connecting and disconnecting ... such a weird habit

My friend John wrote me again ... telling me about the way he's exploring life all the time.

He's american and he's in my country as CEO for an important multinational company.

But you see ... in the real life ... he's a simple guy that same as me ... is chasing for beautiful vibes all the time.

And sometimes the Universe was really giving him ... those experiences.

Being on the streets, walking alone he suddenly sees how a car is hitting a young lady on the zebra.

He goes right away there ... calls the ambulance police is also coming

It was not a real tragedy, but the girl had a panic attack ... and was not really feeling good.

Had some small pains and one second before the ambulance to leave ... Iryna asks John to come with her at the hospital ... cause she is afraid to go there alone.

John ... smiled and said ... yes.

A young lady ... of 21 invited him for a ride .. with the ambulance.

It was all like the script of a ... movie.

Iryna was smiling to him and asks him to give her his hand.

She really needed the support of someone into such a moment ... and it looked like my friend was the perfect person for that.

John totally forgot about his duties as a CEO.

Touching her hand ... he felt such an amazing connection with her.

It was like they knew each other by a lifetime.

The touch of her hand ... was giving him such an amazing energy and John could not believe it

The Universe was playing around with him ... one more time sending him into such a story.

Staying few hours into her company ... holding her hand all the time ... he felt amazing.

An unknown person ... appeared from nowhere ... was somehow offering him an amazing vibe ... just by touching his hand.

But then John left the hospital being called by his duties from his work.

Forgetting to ask for her phone number ... keeping into his mind and heart ... the magic touch of that young lady ... feeling even a little bit hypnotized John calls me ...

It was another ... John ...

Connected to such different ... vibes.

That multinational company kept him prisoner ... away from beautiful vibes.

Many were envying him for his position of his career ... but John already started to dream of another Universe.

He had just ... enough of his problems from business ... and thought it came the time to stop being a prisoner of that company.

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That girl made him dream of another type of life but he maybe needed someone to come ... hold him by hand ... and simple go away.

Just like it happened on the streets ... with the car accident.

And maybe it was not about Iryna ... but ... who knows

One day the Universe might open new doors ... to the all of us.

We should be aware not to become the prisoners of everything not even of our own thoughts

I've recently read a book of an austrian philosopher.
It was a book of essays ... written into the same style as my books ... and i really enjoyed it.
But what i found funny is that the guy defined himself more ... a thinker ... and prisoner of his own thoughts.
Started this process of asking himself existential questions from an early age ... since he was just a little kid ... and ended becoming a ... writer ... which was defining his perceptions in the front of the whole world.
The book itself ... the one i was reading ... was not about a specific subject ... but mainly about a large spectrum of thoughts ... which had nothing to do one with another.
I could even say ... that same as me ... he was defining in fact ... his contradictory thoughts.
But ... comparing to myself ... he had the ability to admit that he became the prisoner of this process ... called ... thinking.
Mark ... this was his real name ... considered himself a simple ... ordinary guy ... from Austria.
Just one of the citizens which were living into that country ... and nothing more.
But why i am writing about this guy ... is not to tell you about his books, but to tell you about an amazing trick he found to

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get out from the prison of his own thoughts.

His little son ... which was an amazing kid helped him to do that ... doing lots of funny things and having with him non sense discussions.

He was somehow ... still into the era of ... tabula rasa.

Mark could see this difference between the innocent Universe his kid was living in ... and his own Universe ... fulfilled with contradictory thoughts.

Could join his son in that Universe of ... tabula rasa ... with no thoughts at all ... but it was all like getting out of his prison ... for short periods of time.

The trick worked for Mark and trended to believe that it will work for other people also.

Jumping from this non ending process of thinking on and on and on to simple disconnect from this habit ... the thinker started to not feel prisoner anymore ... at least from time to time.

I liked the idea but guess what?!

Even if i tried it ... i could not do it.

I was the prisoner of my thoughts ... but it looked like i had a sentenced for life ... into this prison with invisible walls ... build by my own thoughts ...

A life under slipper unfortunately a way of living

I see many people living like that.

Sometimes Paul says to me that i live into the same way ... but i smile.

Most probably in one point the marriage itself becomes kind of a prison ... but knowing who's the prisoner ... i ask myself who's the guardian?!

Divorced men make fun all the time of men that are still married ... and many times i do agree with them.

I see too many people dominated by the partners ... but i smile realizing all that.

I personally don't feel dominated ... but from outside it still looks like i live a life ... under slipper.

Like many, many others.

Is it good?

Is it bad?

It's marriage a prison?!

Who the hell is the guardian?!

Well ... most probably ... that role it's taken by the rules, the expectations ... and all the other conditions the partner is coming with.

And living under slipper... becomes unfortunately a way of living.

The guardian is not the partner ... but the marriage itself.

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The question is why the hell people accept to live into this prison called marriage?!

Hmm ... i could probably say that ... we don't even observe it ... not even if someone keep telling us ... on and on and on.

I personally ... can't realize that i am a prisoner even if Paul keep repeating me that.

I am maybe a prisoner ... but i don't feel it.

And i smile again.

Great philosophers ... or spiritual leaders always told us about a prison ... with invisible walls ... where ordinary people live.

I am an ordinary person ... so

Being in prison ... it's probably ... a real fact.

But guess what?!

I found a trick ... an amazing one.

While living my life on the stage of reality ... i give myself the freedom to connect to my inner self and live in the same time in 2 parallel worlds.

My outer ... but also my inner world.

I'm probably in prison ... but i am not actually there.

I am absent.

... totally absent ... from reality.

And i like it

Being happy or unhappy it's just a ... decision.

Truth be told ... there are also happy people into this world.
But still ... too many unhappy persons all around ourselves.
I was recently reading about different diseases... but most
probably the worst one is ... the unhappiness.
I somehow feel that everyone is trying to hide that.
The term ... disease ... is used just ... related with the body ...
but we avoid talking about the soul.
... being unhappy ... became somehow ... kind of normality.
And we accept that with ... obedience.
We accept becoming prisoners of a reality ... which is not
what we dreamed about.
Being unhappy becomes an unhappy result ... of not
feeling in the right place ... near the right persons.
But ... prisoners of unhappiness ... life continues.
And we simple don't do anything about that.
We remain unhappy ... even if in fact ... unhappiness could be
redefined.
No one told us that being happy or unhappy it's a decision.
A very simple one ... which we could take in the morning ...
everyday.
Day by day ...
... we keep remaining on that frequency of unhappiness.
We realize it's all a decision ... and we could switch all those

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inner feelings with beautiful ones but ...

Maybe no one ever bothered to tell us ... how damn simple it is ... to do it.

That staying the prisoners of the unhappiness ... it's just stupid.

And instead of being unhappy ... when we could actually be happy ... it's

Again ... time flows ... and nothing change.

Even if no one bothered to say us about the tricks of switching our perceptions about reality ... we finally understand that all ... it's just a decision.

.. and nothing more.

But still ... all around us ... just unhappy faces.

Karmic stories make us feel we are ... prisoners of unwanted circumstances

I believe sometimes that i write philosophy.
Many times i also believe that i actually write about ... spirituality.
But my mind it's still so unclear.
I have lots of contradictory thoughts ... and i still don't know how should i define everything it's going on with me.
I came to this point of analyzing all about my own life ... forced by circumstances ... feeling like a prisoner of a unwanted reality.
The karmic stories ... made me realize that my only chance is to meditate ... and instead of feeling depressed or unlucky ... just tried to see the message behind the message.
But guess what?!

I did not saw a message but messages.
And even worst ... it was about contradictory ideas that appeared into my mind.
All i wanted was to not be ... or at least not feel like a prisoner anymore.
A prisoner ... of karmic stories that were repeated on and on and on.
So ... i meditated more.
I wrote my thoughts ... like a diary of all what was going on into my life ... but also deep inside my mind and soul.

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Unfortunately... all was ... a nonsense, cause today i was convinced all was nice ... and the next day ... i saw everything collapsing again.

A large spectrum o contradictory events ... having probably the purpose to teach me something ...

But i was blind ... cause i could not understand the real message of all those stories.

Continued to feel like a prisoner ... but ... i did not understand who are the guardians of this prisoner ... and what i've done wrong to deserve to live such a life.

The whole journey of my life was annoying and everything became a non ending story ... related with ... karma.

So karma was the prison itself?!

Or just the guardian?!

Or ... maybe my illusory contradictory perceptions ... made me feel like that.

But in a short moment of silence ... i somehow felt that my life was a lesson ... teaching me about ... the whole meaning of everything.

The intensions of Universe ... were not wrong ... as i thought.

And i was not a prisoner ... but a student at the school of life.

I misunderstood all for such a long, long time.

Instead of realizing the illusion of the self ... that i was actually a prisoner of my own self ... i thought that all what was going on ... was real.

But it was all a lesson ... to reveal me the secrets that could allow me see beyond the self ... beyond the illusion.

So?!

Did i made any change?!

Any improvements?!

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Did my karmic stories went to an end?!

Hmm ... unfortunately ... no.

I understood life ... but only into a theoretical way ... and on the scene of life ... i was still an idiot ... believing karma it's a bitch not a teacher.

So ... i was balancing ... between feeling like a prisoners ... but also dreaming about freedom.

And this emotional dance continued on and on and on

Changing the energetic field the influences just disappear

I still cannot understand ... reading the statistics of my books ... why "Influencing and being influenced" ... does so well. But on the other hand ... i do understand the impact of being influenced ... and ...

I realize i also influence around myself and not just into a positive way.

All those influences create some borders for me, but also for all the others.

Somehow realities ... our realities which many times are having just very small variations are dominated by all the energies involved.

Any scene is somehow interconnected with all the energies of the people but also of the place ... where we are.

The place itself carried the influences of all the people that were there before ...

So all .. it's somehow interconnected.

But one of the biggest mistake we do is that we don't change places from time to time.

Simple totally disconnected from ... the actual reality where we live.

Of the places where we usually spend mostly our time ... but also of all the people from the scene of our lives.

Simple ... cut ... all connections ... then come back after a

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while ... and see the impact of that.

Might be surprised that ... positive ... but also negative things happen right away.

Disconnecting from a certain energetic field ... which is actually an entity represented by all the energies involved ... changes finally appear.

Influences are cut ... off ... at least for a while.

An example could be a vacation ... when we stop talking to anyone from home ... or for the ones that are much evolved spiritually ... a state of meditation ... that could simple disconnect us from daily life.

A practice done ... daily ... having the purpose of giving us the chance to stop being prisoners of forces which sometimes we are not even conscious about.

The methods can be very different.

Some prefers to go to fishing ... and forget about anything around themselves.

Some prefers ... vacations.

Some ... sports.

Some ... arts ... like painting or sculpture.

Some like me ... writing ...

But the purpose itself it's the same even if we are conscious or not ... about that.

... to disconnect from influences that make us prisoners of unwanted realities.

Ones ... which we dislike.

Or even worst we hate.

But can we really stop being influenced?!

Can we also stop wanting so much to influence everything around us that represents ... reality?!

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Most probably not ...

We see energetic fields everywhere ... of so, so many kinds ... but we ignore the fact that the best connection of all ... the best energetic field and the best influences can come from the inner self.

We should simple close our eyes ... connect to the self ... and chase for the best reality of all ... which can recalibrate us in such an amazing way ... that opening again our eyes ... we simple start acting into a better way ... a positive one ... that brings positive influences everywhere ... we appear.

But again ... i must repeat myself saying ... theory it's so damn simple ... but ...

Chase for happiness not for success. Everything else it's a nonsense.

I've recently read a book of a guy that wrote his story about life ...

His life in fact ...

It was the story of an ordinary person ... and i found it very similar with my own case.

I could almost say that he had the same life scenario as me ... and i was even laughing while reading the book.

Like many others ... this guy ... started to study personal growth ... and chased for success for years.

And he really got the success he wanted.

After reading thousands of books about personal growth ... believing in the idea of success ... he got even more successful than he ever dreamed.

He owned different companies, had lots of money in his bank accounts, lots of properties ... everything ... but ...

Well ... he got all he ever chased for ... but not happiness.

Everyday when he was waking up ... looking into the mirror ... he still had that profound sadness and could not do anything to improve his situation.

But meditating more ... he realized that before having the success he had today ... he was analyzing a lot successful people ... and tried to copy their models ... as in the end to get all he wanted.

So ... Emilian ... started to study happy people from all around the world or at least he was trying to do that. The big luck was that social media was full with very clear examples ... with people that looked happy.

And studying more and more ... he started to copy their models.

Took his family ... went in vacations in different parts of the world ... but still ... looking in the mirror ... every morning ... that profound sadness was there ... all the time.

Unhappiness was following him all the time ... no matter what he was doing.

Copying all those patterns of the happy stories from social media ... was really useless for him.

Emilian totally disliked all what was going on with his life ... cause no trick worked for him ... at least to start following the path of happiness.

It worked so damn easy when he tried to chase for success ... but when it came about happiness ...

Success itself looked today like a pathless path for him ... and the concept of happiness ... something that he will never get ... even if he was trying so, so many thicks.

Writing the book itself ... looked to me like a book of self therapy ... same as i was doing.

He was in fact defining his unhappiness on and on and on ... trying to find out why the hell he was the prisoner of those feelings.

And he was writing ... a book of 500 pages ... but I honestly believe he did not found the answer.

Like many others

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Most probably ... happiness does not have patterns.
Happiness itself is simple about connecting to the present moment ... and enjoy the moment itself ... whatever that means.

Emilian ended his book ... realizing he was unable to connect to the vibes of happiness.

Same as me ...

Same as many, many others ...

Feeling prisoner ... into a reality that has nothing to do with the one he dreamed about ...

But Emilian was still dreaming ...

He was remembering about all those tricks used when he was chasing his success ... and somehow dreamed that one day he will find the right tricks for a ... happy reality.

Happiness was maybe close to him ... but he was the prisoner of unhappy vibes.

Something kept him prisoner there.

But what?!

Or who?!

Maybe ... he was the prisoner ... but also the guardian of that scene

**Revenge has so, so many weird forms.
Sometimes you see a stupid unexplainable
desire of ... sending you back into the past
... just to feel again those moments.
And maybe re become the prisoner of that
past ... again ... and again ... and again.**

I knew Amelia by a long, long time.

I also knew Andrew ... but not so well as this beautiful lady
that used to be my friend by so many years.

I've analyzed her many times.

I've even judged her ... but if i should define her into a proper
way ... most probably ... i would say lots of beautiful things ...
except the fact that even if it does not look so ... she really
had a bad character.

You see ... Andrew never told me his side of the story ... why
they broke up ... but i sometimes feel that he was not the one
that simple ... fucked ... everything.

I knew Amelia's talent of destroying everything around.

And i really knew that she was ... the best in the world ...
when it came about destroying beautiful things.

She had an unexplainable desire of dominating the scene of
life ... but did not realized that ...this stupid desire ... was
actually breaking into pieces anything she was ... touching.

Having enough ... Andrew decided to get out of such weird relationship ... where everything was balancing all the time between contradictory emotions.

Today he was happy in her arms ... but the day after tomorrow something happened all the time and Amelia was ... fucking everything.

He was actually living an unacceptable life scenario living in a prison of emotions and feeling that were ruining his soul. And ... one day he left her ... hoping that was a final decision for his life.

She was pretending that she accepted his decision but from time to time using her amazing charm ... she was inviting him ... to see her again ... and why not ... make love ... just one more time ...

He could never refuse those invitations ... but soon after he felt again ... being the prisoner of the past.

Prisoner of a reality that he forgot so easily that he was hating.

It was kind of a revenge that Amelia was practicing ... remembering him ... how amazing she used to be in some of the moments spent together.

Then she disappeared.

She acted as a ghost ...

A ghost from his past ... that was annoyed that Andrew stopped being dominated by her energies.

And the balance of his emotions appeared on and on and on ... being prisoner again ... then releasing himself from prison.

A non ending story that revealed that love is not just about love ... but also about ugly energies domination ... and also many other dark sides that we carry inside our souls.

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Today ... i stoped judging Amelia.

But i was laughing of how idiot Andrew could be ... coming back into her arms ... even if he knew the story ... so damn well.

Dolce far niente ... a way of connecting to the Infinite

I spoke a lot in the last time with someone that is always telling me ... when i ask how she is doing that she is just relaxing.

We joke ... remembering about the concept "Dolce far niente" **which is an italian saying ... meaning ... "sweet doing nothing, sweet idleness"**.

But everyday when i ask her ... the same question ... she is telling me the same thing.

And knowing that my friend has kind of a spiritual intelligence ... i realized i need to think more about what is behind that fact.

Why someone like her ... involved into so many things into the past ... could decide one day ... to stop doing anything at all?!

It's weird.

I found it illogical.

Total nonsense.

Until one day when i realized ... she already discovered by a long, long time that life itself is a prison with invisible walls. So ... why should she bother to do anything at all ... while being into a prison?!

But there was one more secret.

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While relaxing she felt a joy ... difficult to be defined.

It was something unbelievable.

Was something that was looking a lot with ... the connection with the Infinite.

The moment of stillness ... was creating a connection with all it exists ... and the prison ... and all the other borders ... finally disappeared.

That moment of relaxation metamorphosed into something that ... had an amazing value for her soul.

Dolce far niente ... became a purpose for her life ... even if all around her ... found that a total nonsense ... and were laughing ... behind her back.

Not loving ourselves ... we end up seeing how so many around start disliking us ... and we just can't understand why

A guy goes to a guru ... complaining to him ... but also asking for help.

In few minutes Mark succeeded to explain all his recent life ... but instead of showing a certain type of compassion to him ... guru started to laugh.

Mark could not believe it.

"I'm sorry! Probably you misunderstood something. Why do you laugh of me?!" ... Mark asks.

"My friend! I'm laughing of your naivety.

I'm sorry i can't stop myself.

You said you read lots of books of philosophy and spirituality. I'm sure you heard the saying that ... the life itself it's actually a mirror of our souls.

For a reason ... related with your past you don't appreciate yourself ... and you also don't love yourself.

This is the energy you send to the people ... when you are surrounded by them.

Understanding the concept of reflection is maybe the cure ... for a better life.

When people met you ... they first see your beautiful side ... but connecting to them ... you start sending another message ... a contradictory one.

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So ... they somehow start to dislike you.
And you knew that thing ... long before you came here.
You knew it ... but you refused to believe it.
You need to accept ... yourself.
To embrace everything related with your being and also
love yourself.
We come into this world ... with a very clean soul ... but later
on ... the world is breaking it into very small pieces.
The only medicine to fix ourselves again is just ... using the
power of love.
And first ... of self love.
Might sound as a cliché ... but it's not.
Meditate ... and soon you'll find the new path to follow."
Mark smiled politely ... and left the guru not even saying
good bye.
He was not expecting to hear that.
Or maybe to be more precise ... he hoped that he will hear
something else.
Mark knew indeed this theory but theory is theory ... and
real life is real life.
It was like he was living into a prison ... where he had no
access to ... love.
And indeed guru was right ... laughing.
He was laughing seeing Mark ... keeping himself prisoner into
a jail ... where he was the guardian, but also the ... prisoner.

**Relationships of any kind ... should not
involve any domination at all.
Otherwise everything will be fucked up.**

Many relationships start very well.

Some even ... excellent, but what is funny is that if you should analyze many people that declare they are enemies ... and understand deeply their relationship ... you should understand first that before becoming enemies ... they were friends.

And even close friends.

So why are things like that?!

What they liked at each other that they became friends and what they disliked at each other so much that they became enemies?!

Is this normal?!

Is this a nonsense?!

I've analyzed the cases from my own life and realized that ... it was all related with the trend of domination.

On my side.

And on the side of that person ... which i defined ... friend ... but many times ... also by my side.

Seeing how i fuck everything around myself ... i changed the desire of domination with a shying try of influencing.

I stoped forcing anything at all.

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And also realized that whenever i see the try of domination on the other side ... i simple disconnect and disappear.

I prefer ... open relationships... based on the respect for the other's side entity.

I've started to be more opened.

I respect that ... while traveling into this world ... and experience things ... and different stories ... i'm going to meet other entities too.

People with good sides ... but also people with bad sides.

And when i say ... respect ... it's all about accepting that i don't need to see the spectrum of my own energies ... all over.

Stopping the stupid desire of domination ... became .. a must ... for my new philosophy of life.

And i continued smiling in front of anyone that wants to dominate my soul.

I was smiling ... and disappeared... in the next second ... exactly like a ghost.

I did not wanted to become the prisoner of any unwanted energy but either to become the guardian of anyone.

That should be ... an useless life.

Sometimes it's all about sex ... and it's like taking a magic pill ...

I chat with my friend Brian all the time about his love stories. There are a lot of essays i've wrote ... related with his experiences ... and i believe i did not made any mistake sharing those episodes to the public.

Many times i define with Brian ... all those things from his life ... as a therapy.

I'm actually teaching him the art of analyzing, defining and then redefining his own life.

Yesterday we've remembered about a love story which he had 10 years ago ... and we've wondered why the hell ... the whole story happened only and only into that hotel room from the city center.

All was amazing ... but he still could not define properly if it was a story about love ... or about sex.

He was married at that time ... and she was married also ... so going out ... even walking together on the streets was difficult.

So ... they continued for a long time ... having a relationship only and only on the scene of that room.

And i remember that every time he was meeting her ... it was like he was taking the magic pill of happiness.

Talking to Brian ... we've realized that not even after so much time ...could not say for sure ... if it was a good thing

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for him ... or not.

But maybe he just needed to live that experience.

He needed a magic pill ... and nothing more.

An analgesic to ... treat his depression.

Or maybe we should define all ... as an amazing trick so that he can feel alive from time to time.

But ... even if this was all he wanted from her their relationship from the hotel room ... she saw all as a prison cell.

She loved all what was going on between them ... but being together just there ... she felt prisoner of an amazing weird love story.

Later on ... they ended the story ... but ...

After so many years ... me and Brian could not define for clear that story ... but this is life ... and from time to time ... we need kind of a magic pill as a ... therapy.

**I don't believe in domination.
I believe in synchronizing energies.**

I wrote many books about love stories ... and what i regret most is that i did not used ... almost at all the word sex. But i've spent a huge time analyzing and defining the connection between a man and a woman.

Unfortunately... it was all from my perspective ... as a man. And even if i tried to connect to so many other ladies ... that i had nothing to do with ... i still did not understand the real ... subject.

I see today all my writings ... actually as a great help for the ladies that want to find out how a man thinks ... but it's 100 % not the truth about relationships.

In fact ... not even close to that.

But i still feel myself dominated by my own ideas.

I still care of them ... and maybe the real truth is that everything i do all the decisions i am taken are related with my perceptions.

And i am laughing seeing that in ... everything means my life ... i try to make all my best as reality to look like my perceptions.

Even if it does not look like that the ugly story of dominating starts again ... and again.

Somehow history is repeating on and on and on.

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I am saying all the time that i don't believe in domination ...
but all i do reveals that i want as my world to be ... part of ...
my prison.

To look like my perceptions.

And no change appears ...

I know few theoretical things about the change that i should
do in life ... but ... it's useless.

I say all the time, that i don't believe in domination ... and i
should just synchronize with the world ... and i know that this
is the path ... but ...

Maybe i am still the prisoner of my perceptions ...

**Imagine a world where everything it's a
reflection of your thoughts.
Would life be amazing ... or still illusory?!**

I've read a lot about the law of attraction into my past.
And i did all my best to master this law ... but ... even if i
succeeded doing that I somehow still find it ... illusory.
I remember i've read a book few years ago ... about a guy
that was defining into an amazing way all the steps for
practicing the law of attraction.
The author ... even wrote many episodes from his own life ...
hoping he will be better understood by the public.
I smile remembering about the story ... when he defined
what type of lady he wanted to have into his life and what
he would like as her to do ... or say to him.
He was visualizing for long time ... this best case scenario for
his love life ... hoping ... but also having lots of moments
when he was really believing that it will happen to him.
And one day ... it really happened.
That lady appeared into his life.
She was a beautiful lady ... with an amazing soul just like
in his dreams.
And it was even more ... weird.
She was acting exactly how he had visualized.
And everything she was saying to him ... scared him to death.

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It was like someone had written all the words she was saying to him ... but ...

In one point ... the author realized that he was actually the writer of the scenario ... with the love story.

The way it happened ...

The way she looked like ...

The way she was doing everything

And all she was saying to him.

Scared ... the guy goes to a sorcerer ... tells him the whole story ... and ... ask for guidance.

The sorcerer smiles ... and replies ... "It is so ... so funny ... seeing the ordinary human being trying to learn the art of connecting to the absolute powers of the Universe ... like a sorcerer is doing ... and ... the moment it happens to have access to those amazing energies beyond reality ... the humans ... get scared to death ...

And i see that in your eyes too

It's like you became prisoner of a reality built by your own mind ... and you don't know what to do and believe anymore. Find it illusory but ... just happened ... "

The writer leaves the house of the sorcerer ... and ... still amazed ... finds himself in the position of not knowing what to say anymore to the public ... that mastering the law of attraction is a good thing or an illusion that might drive us crazy.

**Some are living trapped into a prison of emotions ... but some are living with the handicap of being aemotional.
And don't really know what the best option is.**

I analyze all the time the people around myself.

And i also analyze myself a lot.

Today i see that i am not dominated by my emotions anymore.

... which i find .. or believe ... it's good.

But i somehow metamorphosed myself into a zombie that is not feeling anything ... anymore.

So ... if you would ask me ... what is the best ... i could not really say ... what is the version i like most at myself.

Experiencing both scenarios ... switching from one state to another ... on and on and on ... i could not really find the middle way.

Never

The moment when i realized i am a zombie ... i wanted to feel alive again and have emotions but the moment when i felt so intense all what was going on ... became scared and without any escape.

If was indeed like balancing between being the prisoner of my emotions ... and being a free zombie.

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And more i've analyzed ... more i've saw all as a nonsense.
I could never ... but absolutely never ... find the middle way.
Was looking like a person that did not knew to manage
the connection with my soul
I knew it was all an art ... but most probably i'll never master
this.
Never ...

Everything does not happen is ... for the best

We have lots of dreams.

... and also an infinite list with desires.

We pay a huge attention as the things to happen into the way we want them to happen ... and we are really disappointed if things goes differently.

We even meditate a lot of why we can't really get things in life ... exactly like in our plans?!

We try more ... and more to fight for those dreams.

We find motivation ... as an amazing tool for the list of desires ... but we don't align our minds ... not even for a second to what really happens into the real life.

We simple can't practice acceptance.

We don't want to ask ... why if we really want so deeply some of the things ... we can't get them ... no matter what.

Why can't we synchronize with the Universe?!

Why the Universe does not listen to us?!

But looking back in time ... analyzing my list of desires ... i see so many contradictions on the timeline of my life.

Years ago ... i really wanted things which are contradictory with the present way of seeing the world.

And ... i continue meditating ... refusing to accept what the Universe has to say.

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Most probably i can't understand the concept of ... Infinite Intelligence ... and practice the acceptance ... that a religious person is practicing.

It's not my style.

Being trapped into the illusion of the self ... so, so deeply ... i just can't accept anything ... except what i think is the best for myself.

But what is the best?!

What do we want today is actually

Well ... so, so many thoughts.

So many desires.

But ... still ... no matter what we can't get rid of the illusion of the self.

We can't understand the connection ... and the implications between all what is going on around ourselves.

We see just the desire ... and the obsession of having that desire.

And nothing more ...

**Karma is not a prison ... but can
become like that ... if we don't pay
attention at details.
And that can ... hurt a lot.**

Today ... i see around myself lots of people ... cheating.
And it all looks like a damn ... nonsense.
Total ... nonsense.
And i see men ... but also ... women doing that.
In all sorts of ... forms.
Some are doing it into a sexual way.
Some ... not being so courageous ... are just cheating in their
... minds.
Having the desire of doing it ... but still not doing it.
Some are staying on chat ... talking to other possible future
partners.
I see lots of ways of doing that.
And i start asking myself ... why?!
From outside ... it all looks so ... illogical.
I had the chance to see ... even close friends of mine that are
doing that.
I was asking myself how the hell a guy ... with such a
beautiful wife ... could cheat her?!
I was looking at his beautiful wife ... that really looked as an
amazing woman and could not understand why things were

like that?

I also saw ladies ... that had husbands which looked like real wonderful person but ... the same story ... of cheating ... So ... why those people which looks like living in perfect life scenarios ... would do something so ... stupid?!

Are they simple ... idiots?!

... not realizing what they do?! ...

Hmm ...

I don't believe so...

I've analyzed them a lot ... and it all looked like they were living a karmic scenario ... and had enough of it.

It's like ... they felt prisoners in stories ... which even if it looked like from outside ... as something ok ... or even very good many, many times ... it was totally contradictory.

I tried to understand those stories.

And i still continue to analyze and define ... why the hell a connection ... becomes like a prison.

Most certainly ... many people are just living karmic scenarios ... but not understanding the karmic meaning of all what is going on ... it all becomes indeed a prison.

An illusory ... karmic prison.

And cheating looks like an occasionally way of not feeling ... prisoner anymore.

But maybe both scenarios are part of the illusion of life.

Paying attention at all the details regarding our existence becomes ... a must.

And ... even if we know it ... we just delay all ... pretending we can't see the real truth

Living without goals and dreams ... a weird ... but interesting plan

I see today lots of people interested about motivation ... and all related with that.

But i also noticed by a long time ... many persons that are already 40 or more ... that they don't talk anymore about that.

You could even say that they don't even know what this concept is about.

So i wonder myself ... what is the best scenario to follow in life?!

And ... i still not have an answer.

My friend Mark ... recently complained to me that when he is dating a new lady ... and is usually asked to define his life ... he don't really know what to say anymore.

Last week Eve asked him:

"Tell me what are your plans and goals for the future?!"

And having again a moment of sincere naivety Mark ... replied:

"Well ... my new vision of life ... is to live without plans and goals."

The conversation between them ... almost stoped ... instantaneous.

Eve finished her coffee and left ... few minutes later ... realizing Mark is a lost guy and she doesn't have what to do

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with him ... in a real relationship.

For her it was all ... a waste of time.

Another date with ... the wrong guy.

And maybe for Mark also ... another date with the wrong lady.

But he also knew that all those meetings with the ladies from internet ... were carrying a powerful message for him

philosophy ...

And still ... he started to feel like a prisoner cursed to date with ... the wrong lady.

For a second ... i closed my eyes and started to ask myself ... what the hell should i do if i should be ... Mark?!

Maybe i should just become ... a liar.

And start to tell them exactly what they want to hear.

But same as Mark ... i look like a lost soul too ... and it's all totally obvious.

So ... no matter what i should say ... most certainly i would probably reveal my real philosophy sooner or later.

I just look a lot with ... Mark.

But what we certainly forget to define in front of the public is that our vision of living without plans ... means actually that we understood many times that the Universe laughed of our silly goals or dreams ... and saw how many of our plans were ruined into the end.

Today ... maybe we accept just one plan ... the divine one ... and do our best to connect to the moment.

Everything else ... is useless.

**Many times it's about ... a
dance of energies.
Watching, analyzing, defining but also
accepting and embracing all what is going
on ... it's part of the process.
That process of understanding ... life.**

I had many moments in life when i felt myself dominated by the reality of that moment.

It happened so, so many times ... and it's still happening.

I feel like a prisoner of a world ... that is not the one i wanted for myself.

And more i try to get out from there ... much difficult becomes all.

In one point ... i started to hate the fact that i wake up in the morning ... and see as a big release the fact that in the night ... i am allowed to go to sleep and enter to another world for few hours.

But ... meditating ... listening to my friend Paul ... that is telling me all time ... "It's a new day! A new chance to enjoy it!" ... i started to wonder myself "Why the hell i am not doing that?!"

Me and my friend ... were living into the same Universe ... but i felt a prisoner ... and he was enjoying life all the time.

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Had a contrary attitude on life ... and even worst .. he was laughing of what i defined as ... "my problems".

But thinking more and more ... i discovered a trick ... the one of disconnecting from the energies of my present moment.

At least from time to time.

It was all a simple ... decision.

And suddenly i discovered that it's not that i dislike this world ... but a certain dance of energies that are around myself.

I was dominated not by reality but by certain elements from this reality ... and i realized i can simple disconnect ... and ignore their presence on the timeline of my life.

Time was passing ... and i was making progresses in ... understanding all is going on.

I realized that i can take the decision of cutting the connection between me and any other type of energy that ... i dislike.

Suddenly ... watching at this dance as a simple show ... ignoring all is going on ... and being just a spectator not feeling connected to anything ... i started to feel more ... relaxed.

I somehow began to accept the concept that it was all ... part of this karmic process that was revealing me the secrets of life.

And i had to act better ... on the stage of .. reality.

When no therapy works ... try a love story

Studying too much philosophy and spirituality, understanding and also really believing that life is an ... illusion and wanting to find out more about the illusion of the self

Oliver wrote me.

He was attracted of the fact ... that in many of my books i usually use the term "illusion".

I smiled seeing his message ... not really considering myself an expert into that subject ... cause on the scene of the real life ... i was not really recognizing ... the illusion.

All i knew were some ... theoretical concepts ... which i was exploring on and on and on.

... defining them into my books.

But ... i continued the conversation with Oliver ... listening to his story.

In one point i started even to believe that too much study of philosophical and spiritual concepts made him be in a kind of a depression mental state.

I saw him ... unhappy ... and i could not give him the answers he was looking for.

I was ... probably on the same path as him.

And many times ... having this weird impression that all is just ... an illusion ... i also disliked living into this Universe.

Could not find the sense of all that.

And the question was ... why the hell should we continue living here ... if we feel unhappy all the time?!

But Oliver ... mentioned ... just before ending our conversation ... that recently ... and old lady ... which is living close to him and knows him since he was a kid .. asked ...

"My dear child I know you by so, so many years ... and everyday you look more and more ... unhappy.

I don't really know what is going on.

Maybe you already follow a therapy with a specialist, but ... i think that nobody ever mentioned to you ... that the best therapy in the world ... is love.

A love story ... could totally redefine your soul."

I was listening to Oliver and i smiled.

I was practicing what i named ... self therapy ... and i wrote a lot about that ... but i was never thinking of the ... therapy with ... love.

My philosophical thoughts ... made me also stay into a prison of unhappiness ... and even worst.

I was rejecting ... happiness ... as an illusion.

I knew ... same as Oliver that both happiness and unhappiness are illusions but i allowed as the last concept to dominate my soul.

My new friend Oliver ... came to me ... asking for an advice ... but telling me about the theory of therapy with ... love which that old lady was speaking about ... made me think if ... i should try it as a possible antidote ... for my unhappiness.

**“I did not wanted to sculpture
the bird ... but its flight”**

Constantin Brancusi

I recently read about the romanian sculptor Brancusi ... and his work.

And reading this quote about the birds ... i suddenly remembered about my books with love essays.

I even had in mind ... to write a new one .. but most probably my wife would kill me after reading it.

And on the other hand ... i need to be in love again to write such a book.

But by who?!

I close my eyes ... and i smile remembering of all those stories .. written in the night ... on the sofa from my living room ... drinking good red wine ... and writing ... and writing.

It was in fact the same story ... written from 100 perspectives.

A love story ... with 100 episodes.

In my last essay from the last book about love ... i wrote “Awakening can be obtained at the end of a love story.”

And i still believe ... it’s true.

I did not think that i changed this perspective.

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I felt like a prisoner of those strong emotions and even if i liked it ... my mind was looking for an escape.

I wanted to release myself from that story ... but also stay there.

Today i can see that story much ... much ... clear.

I realize it was a story not about a certain person ... but about love.

Same as Brancusi was saying while sculpting the bird ... it was about the flight ... not about the bird.

Maybe ... for my case ... i could say ... it was about the connection.

And i remained for such a long time ... prisoner of that story ... just cause i liked what i felt inside of my soul.

The connection itself ... was amazing.

People are wearing so many masks ... and that creates totally illusory perspectives for us.

I wrote a lot about illusions.

And when i use this term ... it's actually about defining the concept ... the illusion of the self.

... but spiritually and philosophically i just don't feel ready to do it.

.... I mean ... to talk about the illusion of my own self.

I write everyday in the morning and in the night ... and i see all so damn clear ... but on the scene of the real life ... it's like i can't remember anymore ... anything at all.

... nothing ... of what i write.

And i feel everyday ... still the prisoner of induced illusions ... some of the people from my life ... but some also by myself.

Recently i somehow understood that people ... wearing different types of masks ... can hide very well their real personality ... and make us have an illusory perspective about the connection that we could have together.

Not so long time ago ... had a tenant that ... divorced recently ... that came with his son to live into one of my properties.

I saw her always into the company of her child, but also saw that some strange guys ... looking like gangsters were visiting her from time to time.

The relationship itself ... that i had with her ... was not important to me ... but still we had to interact together from time to time.

I did not knew what to really believe about her.

In the company of her child ... she looked like an angel ... but in the company of those gangsters ... she looked like a devil. And i asked myself ... how the hell this relationship with her ... will end?!

3 months later ... she left.

Did not paid anything related with utilities ... the studio looked really bad ... and i had to pay a lot to make the things look great again in there.

Meeting Carla ... who was neighbor with us into the building ... she started to laugh of me ... saying ... "My friend ... you write so, so many things about spirituality, energies beyond the scene of life ... and so, so many others blablabla but you could not see that she was wearing the mark of ... mother.

Why could you not understand that the mask she was wearing when she was into the company of those gangsters ... was actually representing 80-90% of her real personality?! You are so damn blind

You speak about illusions into your books ... but you live the illusion into continuously form.

I ll keep repeating to you on and on and on that ... you're such an idiot."

We both started to ... laugh.

Carla was right ... like always.

I wrote so many things about illusions ... but in the real life ... i could not recognize ... the meaning of those masks.

I WAS THE PRISONER ... BUT ALSO THE GUARDIAN

philosophical essays

And like ... an idiot ... i've become prisoner of circumstances
... which i could avoid so damn easily.
But maybe all it's about understanding more profoundly ...
the term of illusion.

THE END

... or maybe there is no end ... and we have an eternal journey

I had in mind to write the book "I was the prisoner ... but also the guardian" ... as the desire of revealing the truth about the prison where i was living ... by a long, long time. But i did not knew how to define ... better.

I was not understanding completely the subject ... and i've tried so, so much to clarify with myself ... what it's wrong Suddenly... one day ... i've realized ... that i was just pretending i did not knew why my life was looking that way. I felt like a prisoner of a reality with i hated ... but i was not seeing the guardians ... any of them.

And the huge paradox ... was that this prison ... which was in fact my real life ... was a prison with invisible walls ... and i was the prisoner but also the guardian.

I was actually not allowing myself to become ... the one from my dreams and my fantasies.

I was persecuting ... myself ... not giving me the freedom of expressing my real self.

I had those 2 opposite roles ... and i was living a paradox. But deep inside me ... i was still optimistic.

I hoped of being released from this prison called ... my reality ... which i hated ... so, so much.

I WAS THE PRISONER ... BUT ALSO THE GUARDIAN

philosophical essays

And days were passing ... and nothing changed.

Then months ...

Then years ...

In the end I've accepted that there is no end for this ugly story ... and it's all a journey for understanding the Universe ... the Infinite.

The only thing i had to do ... was to find a way to connect with it ... to find the gateway ... which could actually become ... my release from the prison ... with invisible walls.

**Thank you for connecting ... with me.
... with my thoughts.
... with all those abstract ideas from my mind.
All what i am writing ... was done from the desire of
defining ... the undefined.
... the fact that we don't see ... that the biggest enemy
from our lives ... is the self.
Those 2 contradictory concepts of being into the
same time the prisoner, but also the guardian that
is not allowing us to have a beautiful life ... remains a
story difficult to be understood.
But ... maybe at the right time ... all will be clear ... for
all of us ... and we might start living ... a much better
scenario for our lives.
Probably the one of being ... just one self
... the real one.
... the one that we see inside of ourselves ... the soul ...
that it s connected to the Infinity.**